Volume LXXXIII CHICAGO, June 12, 1919 Number 15

# UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

## REST

I rest in God and patiently abide;
Like the young willows by the water side,
My roots reach out for Him, my leaves expand
To catch His sun and dew on every hand.

I rest in God as water lilies float
Upon the quiet surface of a moat,
My leaves lie flatwise drinking up the cool
And healing waters of His silent pool.

I rest in God as little fishes swim
In the great sea—my paths are all in Him.

—*W. R. Gilbert*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes ....171
Violence Again.—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES....173
CONTRIBUTED—
Allied Preparations for the War.—RICHARD CLAUGHTON ....174
THE STUDY TABLE—
"Blind Alley."—ZONA GALE ....176
POETRY—
Rest.—*W. R. Gilbert*....169
Beyond.—THOMAS S. JONES, JR....171
God's Pity—*Louise Driscoll*....179
THE FIELD—
Free Religious Association....179

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1919 Number 15

## BEYOND.

I wonder if the tides of Spring
  Will always bring me back again
Mute rapture at the simple thing
  Of lilacs blowing in the rain.

If so, my heart will ever be
  Above all fear, for I shall know
There is a greater mystery
  Beyond the time when lilacs blow.

Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

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Opposition to the Peace Treaty is still growing! Also is growing the conviction that such a peace is only what we should have expected from such a war. Deliberately the world set itself to the business of settling its disputes by methods of force and unreason. Deliberately it committed violence, bore false witness, fostered bitterness and hatred without end. Not reconciliation, or goodwill, or penitence and forgiveness, were sought by either side to the conflict, but only triumph and revenge. It is inevitable, is it not, that from such evil, only evil itself could emerge; certain, that the men who could make such a war, could make no better peace than that which has come to us from Versailles! For a time it seemed as though the entrance of America into the struggle might save the situation. This country was no party to the original quarrel; she shared none of the jealousies and hates which had so long ravaged the hearts of Europeans; her President, from the beginning, interpreted the war and its objectives in terms of an idealism almost without precedent in history. But all in vain! America was herself demoralized, and is now a party to a peace enthusiastically described by one of its supporters as unparalleled since the "Punic Peace," by which Rome destroyed Carthage. Never in so short a space of time was any teaching so completely vindicated as that of the Pacifists. Their analysis of the causes of the War, their apprehension of its character and meaning, their prophecy of its moral outcome—all were sound. Their affirmation that war is wholly evil, and therefore utterly incapable of producing good, is abundantly vindicated by events. If the world is ever to find its way to peace, to save itself at all, it must be by methods which find no place in war. Violence must go. The love that "casteth out fear" and "doeth no evil" must reign supreme.

J. H. H.

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Recent reports of conditions in Central Europe are pitiful enough to melt a stone, if not the heart of a military conqueror. The children of Austria, according to a statement just received from England, are mere skin and bone, stunted and dwarfed, suffering from rickets and tuberculosis, and diseases of the eyes, leading to blindness, caused wholly by starvation. Hospitals are in a shocking condition, due to the lack not only of medical appliances, but of such necessities as bed clothes, linen and wool, and even hot water. The same uncovered mattresses are used by women in confinement and by those stricken with disease. Newly-born children are wrapped in papers and old rags. Sick people are fed on carrots and turnips. The dead are buried in the bare earth in lots of ten or more. At a recent relief meeting in London, lantern slides were shown of children in various stages of starvation. These were so terrible, with their revelation of protruding ribs, bent and bony limbs, and haunting, woe-begone eyes, that many in the audience were unable to look at them. And yet it is declared that, if the Germans refuse to sign the Treaty, the blockade will be clapped on again, and the people forced into submission! Thus, like the Germans in Belgium, do we make war on women and children! Is there no pity left in the world? Have we forgotten altogether, or, remembering, do we deliberately deride, the Christian injunction, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him"?

J. H. H.

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Amid the accumulating misery and horrors of the time, there is one event which may well bring comfort to our hearts. Jane Addams, at the head of a committee of three appointed by the Women's International Conference at Berne, has gone to Germany, to carry succor and sympathy to the women of that unhappy country. The United States government, to its credit be it said, has given this committee full permission to undertake this mission of mercy, and Herbert Hoover has himself promised all possible co-operation in the way of providing food and medicines. The Quakers of America have sent out an appeal for $50,000, to be placed in Miss Addams's hands for purposes of relief. What can be accomplished even by the most strenuous efforts is of course very little. The condition of Germany has long since come to a point where misery and death, like a besetting plague, must take their toll to the very end. But Miss Addams and her committee can at least show to the German people, "with (whom) we have no quarrel," that there are those in the world who care about their plight, and

are eager to serve them in the spirit of sweet Charity. This is work which we like to think is characteristically American. Miss Addams, we must believe, is a true ambassador of our people. The evil we do, after all, is not the consequence of sheer malice and ill-will. If we sin, it is because we are ignorant, or badly led.

J. H. H.

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Congressman Kahn is back from his inspection of European conditions, and offers us, as the panacea of all our ills, the policy of universal military training. A bill providing for this revolutionary innovation will be speedily introduced into Congress and pressed for passage. The attitude of the administration on the matter seems to be doubtful. A little while ago it was reported that Secretary Baker had ordered the War College to drop all work in its program for an army based on universal service, and was himself planning a standing army of 509,000 men. Since this time, intimations have come that the Secretary is weakening, and that he may ultimately be persuaded to endorse some scheme of universal military training based on the much-discussed Swiss idea. So many have been the reversals of the administration in the past in matters of polity, that no reliance can be placed upon any certain opposition from Secretary Baker to this deliberate attempt to militarize the American people. Like his chief, the Secretary finds that what was unthinkable yesterday, is today the acme of idealism. If the campaign for universal military training is to be defeated, it must be by the people themselves. And that they will take this matter forcibly in hand, is not to be doubted. The only question pertains to their ability to make their will known promptly and effectively to their representatives in Washington.

J. H. H.

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It is interesting to note these days the growing testimony of military men against the whole business of militarism as we have known it in the past. Especially is this true in England. Thus General Frederick B. Maurice, Director of Military Operations in the British General Staff from 1915 to 1918, stated in a lecture at Carnegie Hall, New York, on April 4th: "As a soldier who has spent a quarter of his life in the study of the science of arms, let me tell you I went into the British Army believing that if you want peace you must prepare for war. I believe now that if you prepare thoroughly and efficiently for war, you get war. Since I had to discard my first theory, I sought another solution of the problem of how to avoid war, and I think I have found my solution in the League of Nations." General Sir Ian Hamilton, in his book "Millennium," discussing England's future military policy, says: "Conscription? Away with it! Misbegotten by a Prussian out of the cadaver of the old British Press Gang, that is the foul dragon which is devastating Europe. . . . Let St. George transfix *that* on the point of his spear. . . . Kill conscription and break the teeth of war." Similar is the terse comment of General Smuts, as given in a memorandum prepared by him for the Peace Conference: "I look upon conscription as the taproot of militarism; unless that is cut, all our labors will be eventually in vain." When it is recalled that universal military training is nothing more nor less than conscription in time of peace, the cogency of these testimonies is obvious.

J. H. H.

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Bishop Burgess of Long Island, New York, spoke some wholesome truths at the recent celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of his diocese. Among other things he said: "Stop thinking of fifty years ago and bemoaning the changed conditions. The old period is gone forever. The church is to be tried. If these buildings which our predecessors built for the worship of God are left unused and neglected save by a few old women and children, then the Socialist will order them taxed as an incumbrance to the city's growth, and the Socialist will be right." Here is one churchman at least who sees the signs of the times, and is not afraid to interpret them to his people. These signs are like the rays of the noon-day sun to those who have eyes to see. The time has definitely passed when men will tolerate the existence of institutions, religious or any other, which have no ends to serve other than the preservation of their own private traditions and habits of life. If groups of persons desire to indulge in luxuries of this kind, then they must do it at their own expense, and not at that of the public at large. There is no more reason why the average denominational church should be exempt from taxation, than a Masonic Lodge or a Union League Club. The one institution, like the other, exists for private and not for public ends, for the happiness of the few and not the service of all. If the church is to enjoy such favor very much longer, it must be through the complete and permanent identification of its interests with those of the community. It must become as democratic in organization and purpose as the public school. Anything short of this will lead to its abolition, by taxation or some equally drastic method, as effectually as the saloon and other unsocial institutions have been abolished. Dr. McAfee was not indulging in hyperbole the other day when he raised the question as to what was to be "the substitute for the church!"

J. H. H.

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The controversy as to whether the Old Testament should be used any longer in our churches, is rather

amusing than otherwise. For have we not learned that the Old Testament is a library, not a single volume; and that it contains a variety of books, some of which are usable today, and some not? There is no more reason, for example, why we should read "Kings" and "Chronicles" in our churches, than the histories of Livy. Fifteen years of preaching has not occasioned in my experience a single reading from "Esther." On the other hand, are the majestic chapters of "Deuteronomy," the glorious annals of "Samuel," the lyric raptures of the "Psalms," the stupendous grandeur of "Job," the exalted vision and passion of the prophets, to be dispensed with? Let us keep the Old Testament; and at the same time employ some literary and spiritual judgment in its use.

J. H. H.

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## Violence Again

The bomb outrages which shocked the country in the opening days of this month must be regarded as a most sinister symptom of social conditions in America today. It is evident that a conspiracy against the government is afoot, and that those involved in this conspiracy are determined to use those methods of secret violence which have long since become the familiar weapons of "terror."

Of the absolute wrong of such methods, it is not necessary to speak again in these columns where violence of every kind, even that used systematically by nations in war, has been condemned without qualification or reservation. Violence is always and everywhere wrong. No oppression suffered, no injury endured, no plea of retaliation, or even of self-defence, can justify resort to force. Especially hideous is the use of violence in the ways practised by the terrorists who operated in eight different cities a week and a half ago. To manufacture an explosive in secret, to carry it furtively through crowded thoroughfares, to deposit it under cloud of darkness on the steps or by the doorways of quiet homes, to abandon it to work its havoc indiscriminately upon all who may chance to be within its vicinity—to work against one's enemies or for one's cause by methods of this kind, is to make oneself a little lower even than the vilest animals. It is only one more proof of the appalling fact that men may be guilty of a degree of cowardice and cruelty unknown in the brute creation. The persons guilty of these crimes against Attorney-General Palmer, Mayor Davis, Judge Nott, if they be sane, are entitled to no sympathy. By their acts they outlaw themselves from human fellowship.

If the wrong of violence is thus self-evident, so also should be its utter and pitiful futility. Never yet has any bomb served the cause of liberty. Tyranny is only strengthened, not weakened, by attacks of dynamite and torch. There are many persons who would make exception to such a statement as this, in the case of an autocratic regime like that of the Russia of the Czars. They would emphasize that there is a distinction between a country in which the system of government can be amended, or even changed altogether, by due and orderly processes of law, and a country in which no change is possible, or even the suggestion of change permitted. Secretary Morrison, of the American Federation of Labor, attempts to point this contrast when he says, in a recent interview, "I can understand why the Nihilist of Russia used bombs, but this can have no place in American institutions." This distinction, however, is fallacious—as fallacious from the standpoint of practicability as of morality. All the bomb-throwing in Russia in the last one hundred years never accomplished anything for the emancipation of that great people. On the contrary, it did nothing but embarrass the true work of revolution which was that of education and sacrifice, and thus lamentably retard the coming of the inevitable and happy day of deliverance. The teaching and willing martyrdom of Catherine Breshkovskaia, and thousands of others like her, were the forces that liberated the Russian people, and not the bombs of Nihilists. The method of violence is always futile, or worse than futile. Even in Russia in the old days, it never did anything but defeat its own ends and ruin its own hopes.

And if thus in Russia, how much more so in America! Take the present situation, for example. There are thousands of persons in this country who believe that social conditions are bad, and should be radically changed. These persons sympathize with the aspirations of labor for a full share in the coöperative control of industry. They recognize and deplore the injustice and oppression which explain the origin and continued activity of such a movement as the I. W. W. They organize campaigns for the removal of evils, and the correction of injustice. They speak and write and agitate for sweeping reforms in the body politic and economic. They make progress, gather followers, bring persuasion to those who are slow to understand or who are even out-and-out selfish. Then comes a bomb outrage—and everything is lost! The enemies of labor, the haters and despisers of the oppressed, are immediately strengthened, so that they are able to rig up engines of oppression impossible under any other circumstances. The friends of the workers, on the other hand, are immediately weakened. They are effectually disarmed. In the face of cowardly and brutal outrages, there is nothing that they can say or do. They must simply relapse into silence and inactivity until the effects of the "terror" have passed by. The fact that, in times of strikes and labor troubles generally, violence has been repeatedly

"planted" upon labor by hard-pressed employers, is all-sufficient proof of the boomerang effect of a resort to force. Had the Junkers and Tories in this country prayed for some one thing which would enable them to shatter effectually the radical reform movement of our time, they could have asked for nothing better suited to their purposes than the bombing exploits of June 2nd. I would repeat what I said some weeks ago in this place—that the one worst enemy of labor today is the advocate and practitioner of violence.

But there is another side to this problem—a side suggested by the question as to what is to be done to meet these outrages. Are Senator King's bloodthirsty bills, providing capital punishment for the crime of belonging to an organization advocating a change of government, and for other not dissimilar offences, to be enacted into law? Is the United States government to become a "terrorist," and seek to exterminate its enemies by those same methods which are used with such futility against itself? Already, as Secretary Morrison states in the interview referred to above, there has been too much of this use of coercion and violence. Our immigrant classes have all too long been subject to ruthless exploitation and abuse. "If they would organize a trade union," says Mr. Morrison, "they were enjoined, clubbed and jailed." Epecially under war conditions has the government yielded to the temptation of violent control of normal social action. Is it a mere accident that what seems at the moment to threaten a genuine terrorist outbreak, follows hard upon such a period of suppression of popular liberties, wholesale spying and arrests, ferocious imprisonments, as America has never known before in all her history? No social phenomenon of any kind is without a cause. When terrorism swept Russia, years ago, we knew that it was because of the horrors of Czarist rule. Now that the same hideous thing is rearing its head in America, there must be "a reason," if no excuse. "The question must be traced back to its root," says Mr. Morrison, "and treated accordingly." And that root must be found partly where this conservative labor official places it, in a denial of "education, opportunity and social justice" to our foreign labor population; and partly in a dangerous disregard, and frequently open violation, during the war period, of those elementary legal and human rights which have long been characteristic of our democracy. Involved also, of course, are the upheavals of thought and spirit, as well as of material conditions, incident to the Great War.

In such a situation, it behooves us to move with prudence. There must be no leniency, or lack of vigilance. But so also, on the side of government, must there be no hysteria or "terror." The cure of violence is not violence, but justice. The one certain defence against the bomb is not a resort to Czarism but a return to Americanism. While the machinery of government is rightly moving to apprehend offendors, let it also move with equal celerity and precision to repeal espionage laws, to empty prisons of political prisoners, to end profiteering, to abolish low wages, to establish equitable conditions of labor, to promote education, to foster fellowship among all sorts and conditions of men, in a word, to build democracy. "We must vitalize our declaration and our beliefs," says Secretary Morrison, "that injustice has no place in American soil. In this soil, bomb-throwing will wither and die.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

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## CONTRIBUTED

## Allied Preparations for the War

Since the armistice was signed there have been numbers of frank statements made about the pre-war activities of diplomatists and naval and military attachés. These references may have no particular meaning to people who were not acquainted with the state of European diplomacy before July, 1914. They have, however, an historical value to those who were familiar with the work of the chancellories many years before the Austrian archduke was assassinated at Serajevo. Of late there has been quite an epidemic of "letting the cat out of the bag," as it were, and the most recent accident of this kind happened the other day in Paris, in a speech delivered by M. Pinchon, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, when speaking at the Sorbonne reception in honor of Admiral Beatty. M. Pinchon, speaking of the work of Edward VII. as a diplomatist, described the late king's endeavors to bring about the Entente Cordiale, and said:

> It was in these circumstances that conversations were started between representatives of the governments of London and Paris, conversations which were destined to prepare an accord of which we see today some of the incalculable effects.

This seems on the surface to be an idle reference to a period when war was not in the minds of diplomatists. Curiously enough, the statement cannot be fully appreciated unless dates are supplied, then it has quite another significance. M. Pinchon was speaking of the situation in Europe as it was prior to April, 1904, when the Anglo-French agreement was signed. The "conversations" referred to in the statement were those of a military and naval character, and were all part of that scheme of secret diplomacy against which the President has so often spoken in stern terms. Of course, a reference of this kind taken by itself must not be considered too seriously, but, on the other hand, it is typical of many that have been made of late.

In a recent issue of *The Nation*, New York, an editorial dealt with the many rumors now current of an understanding, entered into before the war began, that in case Germany or Austria should begin a war, for the purpose of furthering Pan-German ambitions, the United States would promptly declare in favor of England and France. Such an understanding is mentioned by Professor Roland G. Usher, in his book called "Pan-Germanism," published February, 1913. *The Nation's* editorial also refers to the speech of Admiral Sims, delivered at the American Luncheon

Club in London, last March, in which he reminded his audience of his remarks made at the Guildhall several years ago, when he declared that Great Britain and the United States would be found together in the next war. *The Nation* said, "We do not attach too great importance to any of these statements; yet we should like to see this matter ventilated." In the interests of international amity this matter should be thoroughly ventilated, for there is so much that is mysterious in diplomatic movement, both before and during the war, especially in connection with the visits of Mr. Balfour and Monsieur Viviani, following hard upon so many other allied missionary movements to this country. Surely we can have nothing to lose in a frank explanation of diplomatic events; indeed, a thorough ventilation ought to lay the many strange rumors that are current in Europe.

It is extremely difficult for the ordinary citizen of this country to understand the jargon of diplomacy; diplomacy being a department of life with which he is not familiar. He has not had the opportunity of studying it at close quarters, as his friends in Europe have had. He does not know when a "treaty" is not a treaty; the diplomatic meaning of an "understanding" puzzles him, and there is nothing in his business experience which can guide him; as for what is meant by "conversations," he seems to be wholly at a loss to understand, and well he might, for no foreign minister has ever pretended to know precisely what is meant by a "conversation" in diplomacy. With regard to the matter of "conversations," M. Pinchon, in the speech referred to above, did not wish to imply that he had in mind military or naval "conversations"; indeed, he did not tell us the precise character of the conversations. Yet, somehow or another, a tremendous lot of ugly work has been brought to an issue in this world by "conversations" of a mysterious nature, and it is high time that the American people asked for plain speech from diplomatists.

In the editorial from *The Nation,* which we referred to above, it is pointed out that "the course of the military conversations authorized by the French and English governments," is traced in "How Diplomats Make War," and that the conversations had a "binding effect upon foreign policy." The author of "How Diplomats Make War" needs no corroboration from the militarists of any country, for he has based his case upon the official documents and the Parliamentary debates. These are quite sufficient; they amply show how the Allies prepared for hostilities many years before July, 1914. But if corroboration were needed, enough has been published within the past few weeks to convince any skeptic. Another instance of "letting the cat out of the bag" is supplied by no less a personage than Marshal Foch in the following statement:

> Long before the war, General Wilson and I worked together to prepare for the struggle against the German peril which we both foresaw. It was due to the success of his mobilization arrangements and his careful and detailed plans for transporting the troops that the British army was able to arrive quickly on the field of battle as soon as the government had come to a decision.

This the Marshal wrote in a letter dated April the 2nd, 1919, to Lord Duncannon, M. P., one of the organizers of the dinner which, at the Prime Minister's suggestion, the House of Commons planned to give to General Sir Henry Wilson, the British Member of the Versailles Military Committee. All this fits in with the revelations made by Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons, August the 3rd, 1914, when the question of our military and naval obligations to France were made plain. It will be remembered that the British Government had been questioned over and over again before the war as to its military and naval obligations to France and Russia, and that both Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey had repeatedly denied there were obligations of that nature.

Now comes Field Marshal Viscount French of Ypres, who was a member of the Committee of Imperial Defense, and who for three years before the war began was Chief of the British General Staff. In his story of *1914* he tells us, what we have all along known, that Mr. Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, pointed out "that the threat of war had come upon us at a most opportune moment as regards his own department, because only two or three weeks before the fleet had been partially mobilized and large reserves called up for the great naval review of his majesty at Spithead, and the extensive naval manoeuvres." Let us be exact: the special fleet mobilization took place on July the 13th, and the order to postpone the demobilization of the fleet was issued July the 24th, the day after the Austrian note was delivered to the Servian government. The fleet sailed from Weymouth on July the 27th.

Now to return to Lord French's story. He tells us:

> The British and French general staffs had for some years been in close secret consultation with one another on this subject. The German menace necessitated some preliminary understanding in the event of a sudden attack. The area of concentration for the British forces had been fixed on the left flank of the French, and the actual detraining stations of the various units were all laid down in terrain lying between Maubeuge and La Cateau. The headquarters of the army were fixed at the latter place.

Quite so; this verifies all that is set out in "How Diplomats Make War," in connection with the military and naval conversations that were begun shortly after the signing of the Anglo-French agreement in 1904, and which were subsequently sanctioned by Sir Edward Grey in January, 1906, when the Liberal Government came into office. All the fatuous propaganda stories which were served up for American consumption about Germany springing a surprise upon France are now shown by a blunt soldier to be without foundation. Lord French says:

> In the ten years previous to the war I had constantly envisaged the probable course of events leading up to the outbreak of this world war, as well as the manner of the outbreak itself. In imagination I had seen the spark suddenly emitted in some obscure corner of Europe, followed by the blowing up of one huge magazine, such as the declaration of war between Russia and Austria would prove to be, then the conflagration spreading with lightning speed, and I had seemed to have a foretaste amid it all of the anxious hesitation which would precede our entry into the war.
>
> I have been a member of the committee of imperial defense since 1906 and have assisted at the innumerable deliberations of that Aulic Council. It was somewhere about 1908 that the certainty of a war was forced upon my mind. Lord Haldane was then secretary of state for war, and I was inspector general of the forces. Lord Haldane was himself alive to the possibility of war; but, while he hoped to ward it off by diplomacy and negotiation, he fully acquiesced in the desirability of making every preparation which could be carried out in complete secrecy. He told me that were he in power, if and when the event occurred, he would designate me to command the expeditionary force, and requested me to study the problem carefully and do all I could to be ready. It thus fell out that in August, 1914, the many possibilities and alternatives of action were quite familiar to my mind.

It is now within the knowledge of all that the general staffs of Great Britain and France had, for a long time, held conferences, and that a complete mutual understanding as to combined action in certain eventualities existed.

"Aulic Council" is exceedingly good; Lord French is certainly a humorist. But when he says "it is not within the knowledge of all," he is laboring under an extraordinary delusion, for ninety per cent of the American people will certainly be shocked when they read what he has to say about pre-war preparations; and fully fifty per cent of them, having had the Allied propaganda of "German preparedness and premeditated attack" driven into them by an uninformed press, will in all probability condemn his book as the work of a pro-German.

There were, of course, in Britain many time-servers who were inclined to pooh-pooh the notion that Britain was under military and naval obligations to France. These people, many of whom became propagandists for the government, imagined that German violation of the so-called Belgian Treaty was the real cause of the war. The first time Belgium was mentioned in a British Foreign Office dispatch was on the 31st of July, when Sir Edward Grey referred to her neutality in his message to the British Ambassador at Paris. The British cabinet did not discuss Belgium as a casus belli until August the 2nd. But Lord French tells us that "On Thursday, July 30, I was sent for by the chief of the imperial general staff and was given private intimation that if an expeditionary force was sent to France I was to command it." Lord French tells us that Belgium was regarded as a "dark-horse." Possibly a great number of officials were of that opinion, but a glance at the Belgian White Paper (diplomatic correspondence) will be sufficient to show that she was prepared for emergency. According to the undated instruction to Belgian ambassadors which accompanies the Belgian dispatch of July 24th (*the date the Austrian note to Servia was communicated to Sir Edward Grey in London*), we learn that:

All necessary steps to ensure respect of Belgian neutrality have nevertheless been taken by the government. The Belgian army has been mobilized and is taking up such strategic positions as have been chosen to procure the defence of the country and the respect of its neutrality. The forts of Antwerp and on the Meuse have been put in a state of defence.

Evidently the "dark-horse" knew what was coming and wisely took every precaution it could for the defence of its territory. And now that Lord French has opened up the whole subject of the preparations the Allies made for war, let us hope, as *The Nation* says, the question of military and naval conversations shall be thoroughly ventilated. If the world is to be saved from such another catastrophe, we must first clear our minds of all the emotional humbug they have housed for the past four or five years, and determine to learn from all the terrible lessons of the war how to prevent another, and learn we must, no matter who suffers in the ordeal of publishing the truth.

RICHARD CLAUGHTON.

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One big cannon-shot costs as much as three years of a workingman's wages; five years of a woman teacher's salary; an average workingman's house; four years' college education.

## THE STUDY TABLE

### "Blind Alley*"

Surely the best bit of this year's English fiction written around the war is given us by W. L. George, he who, if not an anti-"feminist," is infinitely cautious of all change affecting women; and who now, in world-change, bears fruit of the most exquisite and spiritual sense of humanity. That humanity which is as far beyond democracy as democracy is behind the autocracy which it has not yet forgotten.

"Blind Alley" is the book. That blind alley to which the world has now come, by nation, by race and, Mr. George pictures, by many a family. A book with its eyes wide open to the hideous realities of its time, a book which—in a day when one hears some of the "vastest cant of the ages"—is yet true to its author's manifest and tender ideal: The world for the people. God for us all.

Sir Hugh Oakley symbolizes his class, that content, nationalistic class of any country who have always had their thinking done for them—only Sir Hugh thinks. Yet he continues to symbolize his class. Who shall forget that repeated picture of him walking his English lanes, seated in his English garden, driving his daughter Monica over to her munitions work, taking his tea, recruiting, caressing his cat, and saying (the italics are mine):

"*We* don't move. *We* talk of our offensive and we don't move."

"*We're* in a corner. *We've* got to fight."

"Kut—nasty jar, that. *We* did all *we* could, you know, but the Tigris is so low *we* couldn't get a gunboat up."

Or, "thrusting one finger into the nodding bells of a fox glove." "Great things may happen in the east. Sometimes *we* achieve a masterly advance and frequently a masterly retreat. *We* take places *we've* never heard of . . . *we* just dye the the soil a little redder."

And Lady Oakley, his wife, that woman who—English or American—has suddenly in these last years materialized before us, like Bulwer's Widow Fulvia, who always sat thumbs down; the woman, previously Christian, who says:

"They ought to be shot, every one of 'em."

"If we were to shoot one out of every ten, there'd be no strikes."

"I wonder why Labor can't mind its own business and get on with the war. That's all we ask of them."

She was Valkyrian, she "rode the storm in every room," she rushed to her husband's study, waved the *Observer* and shouted, "*We've* broken through. *We've* taken their first lines. Oh, isn't it splendid to be alive these days!" She was that amazing phenomenon of these latter days among women as well as men—"she was war mad. . . . she would jolly well learn 'em to be foreigners, Huns, Russians, all." And after lunch at the Berkeley, she would complain: "*We* aren't getting on . . . *we're* waiting for Verdun to fall . . . then *we'll* begin." She was like that American woman, quoted by Mr. Villard, who was sorry that the armistice came before German women and children could be attacked. She was the squaw-woman, painting the faces of her braves before they went into battle. And

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**"Blind Alley,"* by W. L. George. Little, Brown & Co. $1.75.

as for Cradoc, the grocer, the conscientious objector of the county, Cradoc, in Lady Oakley's opinion, "ought to be flogged"—in which she was more American than British, for in England they merely arrested their six thousand conscientious objectors, and there were no atrocities.

Cradoc, the conscientious objector, has disgraced the county, has not "joined up," as they say in England, and when conscription comes he appears before the county Tribunal and tells why he conscientiously objects to entering an army. And he says:

"I hold that all war is wrong and mistaken; that there is no such thing as a righteous war; that murder is murder, whether legal or not; that it is wrong to settle an international dispute by arms just as it is wrong to settle a private quarrel by fists. . . . If therefore I think it is morally wrong that two nations should fight, then I think it morally wrong that I should assist one of them to fight."

And to the objections of the military representative, the country gentleman and the steam baker, Cradoc replies:

" . . . if we do not kill, we take out of other men the impulse to kill. You think that by killing other men you will teach them not to kill you. It is wrong. . . . Revenge by turns, that has been the history of the world so far."

No wonder that at last the military representative cried out aghast: "But if everybody talked like you, there'd be no war!" And Cradoc says: "No, and that would never do."

Cradoc's business goes, hunted down by Lady Oakley with a malevolence worthy of the hounders of those earlier martyrs at the hands of Greek and Roman matrons intent on keeping an old religious order intact as Lady Oakley is intent on the "glory" of a dying social form.

In his cell Cradoc has this to say to a visitor:

"The word 'country' means nothing: Once upon a time on this island, Wessex was fighting Mercia. Then one of them gobbled the other up and made England. Then England fought Scotland, each patriotic for its own country. Then one gobbled the other up and made Britain. Then Britain, India, and the Transvaal and Egypt fought one another, every one patriotic for its own country. Then England gobbled up the lot and made the British Empire. Why, if Sussex were really patriotic, she would fight Kent, till we got street-fighting, house-to-house fighting. For, mind you, it always comes to fighting. Without fighting there's no patriotism. . . . And if then the word 'country' is so elastic that today you include among our patriotic brothers the Boers who, you can look it up in the papers, were in 1901 a race of coarse degenerates, you are asking me to fight for something false."

When he is told that "country" means not so much an area as a certain kind of culture, of education, of impulse, he replies:

"Then how is it that we are so sympathetic today to the culture of the French who at the time of Fashoda were, according to our newspapers, to be rolled in mud and blood. Why are we so hostile to German culture which, via the royal family and its court, dominated English social life from 1815 to the seventies?"

Then his vistor cries: "You've got to recognize that only the fighting races have been fine races, learned races, noble races. The Chinese aren't fighters, and there they lie, stupefied in tradition and opium."

And Cradoc says: "Perhaps you'll tell me what you think of the Turk, who has fought everything he ever saw for the last thousand years."

Monica, the principal woman of the story, Sir Hugh's daughter, is the typical girl of twenty, without the slightest sense of the background of the old quarrel, or any but conventional religious ideas, to be suspended at the word of the State. She goes into a munition factory, is proud of the yellow discoloration of her hands, quotes that war brings great spiritual revivals. Yet she is very lovable, even when she falls in love with Cottenham, her employer, and in the general disintegration of the times, all ethics suspended, is ready to take him from his wife, whom he also loves. Cottenham, the worst type of his kind, the man with wide-open eyes who yet spots himself with the world, yet sees the social crisis clearly:

"The individual," he says, "will have to be engulfed by the community before individuality is realized. As for us, the rich men, cultured, dominant, we are born, marry, die in perfect security, unaware what is happening around us. It's tragic to understand, as I do, that we're only fugitive masters of a pregnant world."

And, "Nobody can win the war. The losers, as we call them, are crushed and ground by defeat; the winners are inflated by their successful militarism into submission to an autocracy more cruel than the one they overthrow. There's no winning wars."

And, "If we win this war we'll want to maintain the qualities that won it: Ruthlessness, organization, business capacity; and if we lose, we'll want to acquire those qualities to get revenge."

And always, all through is the Britisher shouting, like his type of American:

"Intern them all, intern Germans, intern naturalized Germans, intern fathers of Germans who have enlisted, intern the women who have married Germans, intern the English children of the accursed race. . . . Denaturalize the swine. . . . Shoot the Swiss . . "

"Shoot 'em," says Sir Arthur, "it's much simpler than trying them. We don't try Huns."

And the clubman who says, "Wait till they begin shelling Coblenz and the Huns'll be shown what frightfulness means then." And: "We've got to get to the point where there's hardly a German under forty who's not either dead, blind or crippled, when the civiliona are going about dressed in potato sacks with rags for shoes . . . if we can get Germany so that a million babies cry for milk and can't get it and when so many of them die of cold they'll have to shovel them into the same grave, Germany'll have learnt her lesson."

It was to this special speech that an immense repulsion rose in Sir Hugh. And he says: "I suppose we keep our fleet as a little girl keeps a doll's house and that the British empire drew together of itself, drawn by good government?" On which they promptly call him a pacifist.

But Sir Hugh is thinking. And he is made to think more by his son, Stephen, who comes home from the trenches, thinking, too. And Stephen says:

"Soldiers don't talk about a clean peace; they bail their boots out and try to keep the rats off their faces

while they sleep. . . . You think war's a revue. Millions of people sitting looking on. People like Ian Hay keeping up the idea that war's a manly sport—if only you keep your soul white and play the game like a Christian gentleman. . . . War books make me sick. . . . Fighting like gentlemen! They don't fight like knights in a tournament, but like rats in a common drain . . bayoneting a man in the back because it's safer. . . . "

And again: "You've got to make it a rule not to leave behind you a man unkilled. If you're any good at your job you'll kill so many that you won't be able to count them in your memory."

And when, at this, Lady Oakley is distressed (lest he excite himself) and his fiancee begs: "Don't!" Stephen says:

"That's just like you civilians. You sit there and cheer while we go out, and then when . . . you'd rather not hear about it, thank you . . . You people who let war happen, I'd like you to know that when the job's done, the field is like the devil's nursery where somebody's been breaking open men like toys, to see what's inside."

And again: "What's the harm of my saying that the gallant Czecho-Slovaks had shot more workmen and peasants in Ukraine than the Bolsheviks had shot bourgeois?"

And: "We've got to make a world in which there will be no rival kings, no rival ambassadors, no rival capitalists; in other words, no big bugs. It's the big bug made this war."

And at last Sir Hugh can bear it all no longer. He cries: "Woe to me and my class. I suppose I believe in royalty and authority, and yet I am bidden rejoice because a Tsar falls, to ask for the heads of the Kaiser and Francis Josef, the Lord's anointed, all three, whose fathers were our allies against Napoleon, another Lord's anointed, whom we shut up at St. Helena. There must be something wrong with the respect we bear monarchy, for we seem to respect it only when it's on our side."

The idea of liberty was invading him, inflaming him as, Mr. George says, "it always does Englishmen when it does not interfere with their interests." He meditates on self-determination, realizes that Alsace-Lorraine would vote German, that England does not want self-determination for Ireland, India and Egypt, and the Italians do not wish it for the Adriatic coast, and the Germans only if everybody votes for them. And he sees mankind incapable of desiring abstract justice. "The Germans enter Ukraine 'to restore order, and we yell.' Our papers demand a Japanese invasion of Russia 'to restore order,' and we cheer." And his summing up of war is sweeping:

"War is always exasperated nationality claiming historic rights."

A chance meeting with Cradoc clears the air for Sir Hugh. Cradoc says:

"There never was a war where everybody did not fight on the defensive. We're all pacifists, and we throw about declarations of war like confetti. . . We all respect human life, and prove it by killing twenty million people."

And when Sir Hugh says that federation with Germany is impossible, Cradoc replies:

"We used to say that we couldn't federate with Scotland and Wales, and we did. I think all the world could federate, and will federate, by degrees, as we get rid of the people who want to stop federation because they have power in their own states and would have less in the world state; people like kings, diplomats, generals, noblemen, politicians, financiers. The real people of the world, the working masses, they could federate all right. . . . There's no hostility between men who work, because they work together; there is hostility only among men who prey, because they prey on each other."

And then Cradoc's glowing prophecy, his clear-eyed understanding that the future will come by the rise of industrial decency, with political change as no more than servant. And his sadness for those who will not understand that "murder only makes murder"; that "their animal pugnacity is still at the disposal of the people who can profit by it"; who will not learn that "only love and justice can breed love and justice."

Then he comes out with it: "I'm no friend of German imperialism, but I'm not so sure as I was of British imperialism. This desire to expand, to get new markets, to build fantastic railways, to hold onto everything, and blackmail everybody else by means of tariffs—it looks uncommonly like the origin of all war. . . . Let's talk of profits for our traders, but don't let's talk of the whte man's burden; let's talk of the white man's booty."

When, Sir Hugh says, the workers say that they cannot make a decent living, and strike for one, we shoot them and call it a riot; but when an employer tells us that he is not making enough profit, do we shoot him? "We stop his mouth with a peerage."

And then comes Sir Hugh's splendid summing up:

"The war's here—so is small-pox; we must get rid of both of them. The world's in a blind alley. And we sha'n't get it out—get rid of war, I mean, forever, unless we understand the war, unless we realize that it was engineered in the interests of separate nationalities, and that so long as sharp, national differences are kept up, so long shall war continue to break out. Oh, I know you can make a case, just as the Germans can, just as the devil is sometimes a logician. . . . I wonder how you can be taken in, Monica, by all this jingo talk. I used to think you women had a brain. . . . You believe anything, even the newspapers. And you never get inside the news."

Sir Hugh is merciless in facing the British hypocrisy "which has favored Korniloff and Kaladin, ground the face of Russian labor, refused passports to the labor men, sent missions to Ukraine to war against Bolshevists whose every speech and decree we had garbled and suppressed, whose purposes we travestied, to whom we attributed burlesque marriage laws . . . we had never sent a . . . penny to young Russia when she was fighting Germany, but were ready to send division after division to old Russia fighting the new, and openly said, 'Turn the Japs on 'em. They'll show em!' "

And now: "They were building a world, armed and tariffed, which delighted in hostility and hated Wilson, Wilson, the only hope of civilization because he wanted to tear their weapons from their bloody hands and unite them in a league of peace that had no respect for vested interests in slaughter. Yes! In America lay the only hope. . . ."

He delighted in Wilson's notes "forcing the junkers back"; he raged at the English non-combatants who

## THE FIELD

*"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"*

### FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

The Free Religious Association held its fifty-second annual convention and festival on Friday May 23rd in Boston at Tremont Temple, Hotel Westminster and the Twentieth Century Club. The subject for discussion at the morning session in Tremont Temple was "The Community Church: Is It the Next Step in Democratic Religion," and at the afternoon session, following the Festival Luncheon at the Westminster Hotel, "Democracy and Religion in Social Action."

Rev. George Grover Mills, the General Secretary of the Association, opened the convention with a statement of the progress of the Association during the past year indicating a large increase of membership in all parts of the country and a growing demand for radical religion.

Rev. John Haynes Holmes of New York, President of the Association, opened the discussion on The Community Church. He described the failure of religious organizations of the conventional sort both before and during the war and declared that they were out of touch with the world as it exists today, regarding the communities in which they operated as existing for them rather than they for the communities. Mr. Holmes quoted Rev. William Austin Smith, Editor of *The Churchman,* as saying that the religious problem of today centers in the fifty or sixty per cent of the population who never enter a church. Continuing Mr. Holmes said that the church had made a fatal mistake in identifying religion with patriotism that existed during the war. Mr. Holmes spoke of the naive faith of the churches in the power of money to accomplish their purposes regardless of the spirit of religion, and referred to the New Era movements of the Presbyterians and Methodists to raise funds quoting an official in New York who said they were so busy raising millions that they had not had time to think what they should do with the money when they got it.

That community churches are springing up in many places is an indication that this is a spontaneous movement of the people, said Mr. Holmes. They are not union churches, not federated churches, not institutional churches. All of these have done much good work but when you get behind the accessories you find that they are simply a camouflaged form of the denominational churches. Mr. Holmes then described the Community Church as a public and not a private institution, a church to which every citizen of the community should belong because of his citizenship. It must open its doors to Jews, Hindoos and Parsees, as well as Christians. The community is the thing and the church will exist for the community and not the community for the church.

Rev. Elvin J. Prescott, Minister of the Unitarian Church in Westwood, Mass., followed in discussion and emphasized that he was a Unitarian and intended to remain one. He said he did not know whether he was a Christian or not, sometimes he thought he was and then again when he saw some Christians he thought he wasn't. He thought the Community Church had a mission but called attention to the difficulty of getting people into it especially in the smaller communities.

Mr. W. T. Colyer, formerly lecturer for the British Labor Churches, said that he had once been a Unitarian but was now ashamed of it on account of the manner in which Unitarian officials had treated Socialists and other Radicals. Mr. Colyer declared he had no more use for the community church than he had for the denominational churches. He maintained that all churches were now hard put to it to survive and this was simply the latest and most subtle effort of organized Christianity to bulldoze the community under cover of a new name. He declared that it would appeal more to the privileged classes than to the working classes.

Mr. George W. Coleman, Director of the Ford Hall Meetings and formerly President of the Northern Baptist Convention spoke briefly in favor of the Community Church idea and paid a tribute to Mr. Holmes as a pioneer in the Community Church movement.

Rev. George Grover Mills presided at the session on "Democracy and Religion in Social Action" and brief addresses were made by Rev. Charles F. Dole, Dr. Charles Fleischer, Mrs. Jessica L. C. Henderson, Prof. Anna Garlin Spencer, Mr. Prince Hopkins, Mrs. Judith W. Smith, Mr. Charles C. Ramsay, Rev. Henry W. Pinkham, Rev. L. Howard Denny, Dr. William DeKorlor, Dr. George Nasmyth, Dr. Charles W. Wendte, and Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

At the business meeting in the evening the following officers were elected: President, Rev. John Haynes Holmes; Secretary, Rev. George Grover Mills; Treasurer, Rev. Otto Lyding; directors, Prof. Clarence R. Skinner, Dr. Charles Fleischer and Mr. Franklin H. Wentworth. Resolutions were adopted demanding the immediate release of all religious, political and class-war prisoners and the immediate withdrawal of all American troops from Russia and offering congratulations to Soviet Russia on the advent of the one-class State. A resolution protesting against the pograms in Poland and calling for an investigation was also adopted.

### GOD'S PITY.

God pity all the brave who go
  The common way, and wear
No ribboned medals on their breasts,
  No laurels on their hair.

God pity all the lonely folk
  With griefs they do not tell,
Women walking in the night,
  And men dissembling well.

In common courage of the street
  The crusht grape is the wine,
Wheat in the mill is daily bread
  And given for a sign.

And who but God shall pity them
  Who go so quietly,
And smile upon us when we meet,
  And greet us pleasantly?

—*Louise Driscoll.*

---

"strove and fought, and against peace"; and among the professional men he "sought in vain for one idea, even a foolish one, of the reconstruction of society. They had no ideas. They were content that ten million men should have died for the sake of business as usual."

Yet so strong in Sir Hugh are class and tradition—as he says, "I'm a patriot in spite of my fatherland"—that he "joins up" and goes to the trenches himself. But even while he sat waiting in the mud, he "felt passionately that the war was not leading anywhere; it was only keeping something up."

And always he realized that "until all mankind stands under one flag, enjoying only local home rule, war will continue. The price of nationality is war." And "all he asked was some sort of dream different from the old, dead world; that they should not be content with restoring the old world of struggle and domination, but dream dreams. . . . "

And he understood that one must still love one's country, all countries, the world, humanity—"because only love can teach."

If the book had been carried to the present, one wonders what would have been Mr. George's last word, and what his state of mind? Already we catch his fear—"even the Americans ensnared." But it is certain that he would still believe that the idealism carried to Paris from America, and alive in America and in the world in many hearts, cannot die without fruit.

Yet nearly the last picture is Sir Hugh, going to visit his old uncle, Sir Charles, "Pan grown senile," and he finds him before his table, covered with vast war maps, tracing the course of imaginary armies, delighted with this new toy, the war . . . "childish, charming, smiling a broad, toothless grin, looking as if about to crow, sticking a triumphant flag into Nish. . . . "

ZONA GALE.

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